

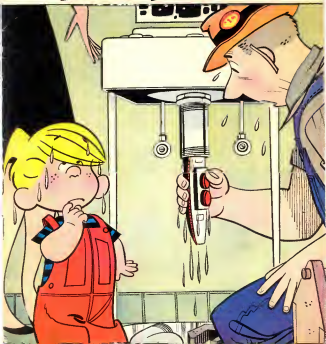


APPROVED  
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No. 39

10c

# DENNIS The MENACE.



# the Cookie Jar

INSIDE STORIES OF DENNIS THE MENACE

## TEACHER SAYS DENNIS OKAY!

Dennis is always causing trouble for everyone around him, so you would hardly expect a teacher to come out in his defense. Yet, this is just what happened recently, in a talk by a noted educator, Dr. James L. Hynes, Jr., professor of education at the University of Maryland. Dr. Hynes found so many good qualities in Dennis that we thought you'd like to hear about them. Speaking at the University of Hawaii in Honolulu, he said:—

"We may be sorry if we ever succeed in 'taking the menace out of Dennis!'"

Dr. Hynes said that the qualities of Dennis are basic to our American way of life. For one thing, he said, Dennis is an exceedingly friendly youngster. "To be sure, this gets him into some situations, but it seems like a wonderfully American kind of response—open, trusting, friendly, cheerful.

"What's another part of the so-called 'menace?'" Dr. Hynes asked. "Dennis has self-confidence. He is only a child, but he believes in himself. He thinks he has some worth. This is especially and uniquely our country. This is the way we want everyone to feel—proud, sure, glad they are who they are."

Dennis is also curious, Dr. Hynes said. "He tries things out. He pokes into things. He explores. An American has to—this is our very nature." This is a quality we should be proud of in Dennis and in all of our children, Dr. Hynes pointed out.

"We are doing a lot of talking about producing scientists and mathematicians. This inquiring mind of Dennis, his persistence in wanting a good reason, his everlasting *Why?*, are the very qualities we would prize in his twenty years from now in a laboratory.

"Dennis may be hard to live with at times. Free people are always harder to live with than slaves.

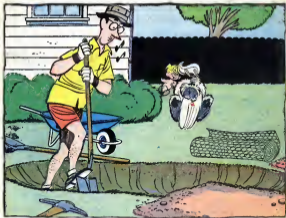
"We can be sure we are producing sturdy people," Dr. Hynes concluded, "as long as we can live with our children who possess qualities like 'Dennis The Menace.'" See? Dennis isn't really bad, after all. Thank you, Dr. Hynes!



WATCH FOR DENNIS SUNDAY NIGHTS ON YOUR CBS-TV STATION!

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# "JUST POOLIN'" data-bbox="19 9 980 120"/>





**CUT THAT OUT!**  
I'm **TRYING** to make  
a **LILY POND!**

A **LILY**  
pond?  
That's  
how  
**BABIES**  
talk. You  
mean a  
**LITTLE**  
pond!



I said  
a **LILY**  
pond!  
For water  
lilies?

Water lilies? They'll  
just get in the way, Dad!



What do you mean ...  
in the way?

When we're  
**SHWANN!**



There'll **BE NO SHWANNING** in  
**YOUR** pond! Now, don't bother  
me ... it's had enough working  
in this heat!

I'll cool  
ya off,  
Dad!



Feels  
**GOOD**,  
huh?

**DEN-DENNIS!**



That was  
**COLD** water,  
Dad. How come  
your face is  
so **RED?**

IF YOU DON'T  
KEEP OUT OF  
MY HAIR...!!

GGAY!  
GGAY!

Got your  
concrete here,  
Mr. Matchell?  
Ready for it?

Yeah... you  
timed it  
just right!

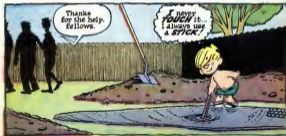
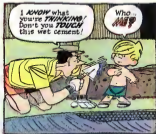


Right  
about  
here?

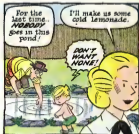
That's  
the idea!

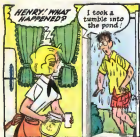
Wait a  
minute,  
you guys.  
I'll be  
right  
back!





A FEW DAYS LATER, THE POOL IS COMPLETED...







**DENNIS!**  
I TOLD YOU NO  
SWIMMING  
IN THIS POND!

But YOU was  
in it, Dad!



**THAT WAS AN  
ACCIDENT!**

Oh, Mr  
Mitchell!



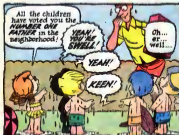
All the children  
have voted you the  
**NUMBER ONE  
FATHER** in the  
neighborhood!

**YEAH!  
YOU'RE  
GWEEL!**

Oh...  
er...  
well...

**YEAH!**

**KEEN!**



Well...  
Number  
One  
Father?

That was a  
Number One  
**SMOY JOB!**  
But they win.

**YAY!  
WHEE!  
YAY!**



Mrs Wilson,  
how would you  
like some water  
lily bulbs?

Oh, I'd  
LOVE  
them!

**WHEE!  
YAY!**



**WHEE!**

**SMOON!**

**HEY!**

**YAY!**

Let's  
build a  
lily pond,  
George!



# TALL STORY



**BOOF!** I killed  
a bear with **THAT!**

**AW BALONEY!**

**SMILE** when  
ya say that!

**I'M SAULIN!  
I'M SAULIN!**



It's okay  
it wasn't  
loaded.

Oh. But ya didn't  
**REALLY** kill a bear,  
did ya ?

A **BEAR**  
**YEAH!** Me 'n  
Dan'l Spoon...

**WHO?!**



Dan'l Spoon.  
He was out lookin'  
for a bear, an did  
I scare **HIM!**

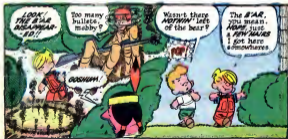
No **FOLKIN'!**

**DON'T SHOOT, PARDNER!  
I'M JEST GOOD OL'  
DAN'L SPOON!**



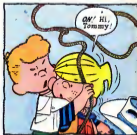




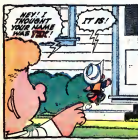




# THE TEXAS STRANGER







day by day  
with  
dennis  
the  
menace

monday



"THE MENACE FIRST WALKS THEN RUNS THEN IT DANCE THEN!"

thursday



"GEE! THAT'S FROM YOUR TALK AND A GOOD BOOK OF  
COMMENTS AT A LITTLE TIME FOR YOU!"

friday



"BUT LAST NIGHT YOU WENT TO THE ALL ELEMENT?"

tuesday



"GREAT! THE OTHER PEOPLE, OR WE FOUND SOMETHING I  
ENJOYED!"

wednesday



"THAT WAS A REALLY LONG MESSAGE  
FOR A ZEPH, ABOUT 113"

saturday



"HEY! MAN! I WAS GOING TO TELL YOU  
SOME NEWS OF A GREAT NATURE!"

sunday



"WELL THAT WOULD BE AWAY THE GOAT  
TO PLAY A FEW COMEDY SKETCHES?"

# THE SPELL OF DANGER

"NO, NO, Jimmy—there are two B's in 'rabbit'."

"Aw, what's the difference, Mom? I bet the rabbits don't care!"

"That's not funny," Jimmy Lyons' mother told him. "Now hurry up and finish your spelling lesson, so we can show it to Daddy when he gets home!"

Jimmy went wearily back to his homework, wishing there were no such thing as spelling. Or if you had to spell words, why you had to be so darned exact about it?

Just then the door opened and his father walked in, grinning broadly. "Hi, Dad! How come you're home early?"

"Well, I hurried home with a little surprise," Mr. Lyons said, taking an envelope from his pocket. He handed it to Jimmy's mother as she came in from the kitchen. "Here, honey—count it!"

She did so, and her eyes widened. "Steve! A raise! This is wonderful—there are so many things we need for the house!"

"Let's get them later," Mr. Lyons said. "Tonight, we ought to celebrate. Suppose just you and I go o-u-t for d-i-n-n-e-r."

"I wanna go, too!" Jimmy said. "I like to go out to dinner!"

"Isn't that something?" Mrs. Lyons smiled. "He can't do his regular spelling lesson, but he soon learns to spell out secret words!"

"You win, Jimmy," his father grinned. "Get washed and changed, and h-u-r-r-y u-p!"

At the restaurant, Jimmy tried to read the menu, but there were lots of words he didn't know yet. Finally, he pointed to something on the list and told his Dad, "That's what I want!"

His father looked where he was pointing and whistled. "Filet mignon! Do you know what that is?"

"No," Jimmy admitted, "but it looks good!"

"It is good, but did you look at the price? It's \$4.95! I got a raise, all right, but we're not in the filet mignon bracket yet! How about the pot roast—okay?"

Mr. Lyons gave the waitress the order, and when she came back with their soup, Jimmy looked at it in surprise. "What's this? Spellin' soup?"

"Alphabet soup," his mother corrected him. "Those little letters in it are little bits of macaroni. See if you can make up some words with them while you eat it."

"Aw, Mom! That's work!" But Jimmy found it was fun, too, to find letters and put them together. He had just found J-I-M and was looking for another M and a Y, when he happened to look up. His eyes widened.

"Hey, Dad! It's not Halloween, is it?"

"Of course not. Why do you ask?"

"Well, look at those three men who just came in. They've got on false faces! And one of them is giving the lady at the desk a paper bag, and she's putting money in it!"

Mr. Lyons turned, and his face went white. "Quiet, Jimmy!" he whispered. "It's a holdup!"

But the man at the desk heard them and turned. From behind the grotesque mask came a low, hoarse voice: "Everybody keep quiet, and nobody will get hurt!"

Swiftly, one of the men went to the





front door and pulled down the shade; another took the waitress by the arm and guided her toward the serving window, just behind Jimmy.

"I'm not goin' into the kitchen," Jimmy heard him tell her. "Too many guys with knives back there. But we're starved! Order us three of your best dinners, and no funny stuff!"

Trembling, the girl obeyed, as the man stood flattened against the wall, out of sight of the men in the kitchen. When the steaming tray of food came out the waitress, at the robber's direction, carried it to a table to the side of the room.

Then the man took a paper bag out of his pocket and silently held it out to Jimmy's father, as Jimmy did at trick-or-treat time. Only now, the 'treat' the man wanted was money. His jaw set, Jimmy's Dad took out his pay envelope and dropped it in the bag.

As the man went from table to table, silently collecting wallets, Jimmy was almost crying. He remembered how glad his mother had been about the rains, and now their week's money was gone, raise and all. Then he looked down at his plate, and his heart jumped.

He glanced toward the robbers' table. The 'collection' completed, all three were now wolfing down their food with their masks folded back from their mouths.

And as swiftly, Jimmy began spooning up his soup.

When he was finished, he slid off his chair to the floor, his plate in his hand. His parents watched fearfully as he crawled toward the serving window. Luckily, the table was between him and the robbers; but the test came when he reached up to the serving window and put his plate there. His back held—the robbers were too busy eating to notice. Trembling with relief, Jimmy crawled back to the table and got back on his chair unnoticed.

His parents were staring at him, but he didn't dare even whisper an answer to the question in their eyes.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the plate disappear, and a moment later an eye appeared at the corner of the serving window. Jimmy nodded slightly. The eye glanced at the rest of the customers, sitting silent and still with fear. Then the eye disappeared.

When they came, they came in a wave of blue uniforms that peared in the kitchen doors, surrounding the robbers in an instant. The police took their paper bags of money from them and hustled them out the door before Jimmy could let out his breath. Then the chef, his face as white as his apron, came out of the kitchen and told the officer who had stayed behind:

"That's the boy—he's the one who gave me the message so I could telephone you!" And Jimmy's parents stared at him in surprise.

"But how?" his father asked. "You just returned your plate—you couldn't have written anything on it!"

"No," Jimmy said. "But I spelled something on it—with those little macaroni letters in the soup! Lucky I had the right ones!"

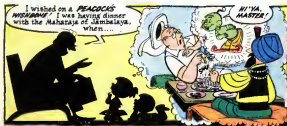
The chef started to chuckle. "Well, not exactly the right ones, but they did the job. Here, folks—I saved the plate to show you!"

And as Jimmy's parents looked at the plate, they chuckled too. The little macaroni letters arranged on the edge of the plate read:

HOLE DUP.

THE END

# A GRAMPA STORY

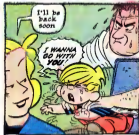


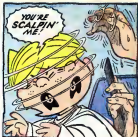










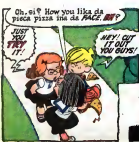






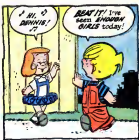












# the Cookie Jar

INSIDE STORIES OF DENNIS THE MENACE

**DENNIS HELPS U. S. ARMY!**



Sfc. Donald R. Andrus and Capt. Lawrence Santana, students of Spanish at the U. S. Army Language School, enjoy reading Dennis in Spanish.

Dennis is helping students of Spanish in the U. S. Army Language School in Monterey, California!

Here's how:—Our comic books are translated into Spanish under the title "Daniel El Travieso" (Daniel The Rascal), and copies of these have been accepted for the reading room of the Army Language School.

Dr. Luis Vargas, head of the Spanish Department there, says that the books are greatly enjoyed by students and instructors alike, and that they are of real use as extra reading material.

It is a real honor to have our books accepted

by the Army Language School, because this is the only school of its kind in the country.

There, Army officers and enlisted men study 28 different languages in preparation for important assignments in foreign countries. Only languages are taught there; the students attend class six hours a day, and most study at least three hours every night!

This School is one of our most important ways of having Americans in foreign countries understand and get along with other peoples. We are proud that Dennis is doing his bit to help us get along with our good neighbors in Mexico, Central, and South America.

# Dennis the Menace

"The Flatterer"

